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Judgment Day Gregory Natt

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Gregory Natt

JUDGMENT DAY

Try as he may, God just can't get any sleep. He tosses and turns—a cranky caretaker, all alone in the morgue of the universe. When he sits up in bed, several million mice run squeaking from under his mattress. When he lies down again, a heard of small elephants comes pouring out of the open end of his pillow. God feels a stabbing pain in the small of his back. He reaches under the covers and pulls out the faded little blue ball of the earth, as a ball of yarn found after days of searching. He holds the unstable little orb in the palm of his huge hand, it rocks and pitches like a gyroscope. God lets out a powerful sigh of relief, but the heat of his breath causes his tiny world to melt, staining his fingers with its pink juices. He smiles at this and plants the black stone of the earth under his pillow for good luck.